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TWO PENNY-WORTH MORE

OF

Truth for a Penny.

BEING A SECOND LETTER

FROM

— BULL TO BROTHER JOHN.



LONDON:

Sold by C. STALKER, No. 4, Stationer's Court, Ludgate-Hill; and KNOTT, Lombard-street:—Where also may be had, TWO PENNY-WORTH OF TRUTH FOR A PENNY, being the First Letter of — BULL to Brother JOHN.

DEAR BROTHER,

I HAVE seen your letter to brother Tom, and it gave me great pleasure to find your sentiments agree so much with my own, as you will see they do by my letter, which I hope you have received. The only difference between us, is, you seem not aware of our brother's disorder, and therefore write to him as if he was in his sober senses, and misconceived, merely through keeping bad company; whereas I thought writing to him would be like talking to men in a delirious fever, in which case opposition always makes them rave the more: but let them amuse themselves with their own wild notions for a time, and they will either change them for fresh vagaries, or those notions will go off by degrees, as the fever decreases. But, perhaps, Tom's second letter may convince you of your mistake; for in that, he uses a kind of Billingsgate language, which must be the effect of his disorder, as I do not remember he

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ever was in the way of learning such language. And, there is also such a mixture of foolishness, as in his better days he would have been ashamed of. Even the lowest and most unlettered servants, I assure you, say, they never read such nonsense in their lives: so that it only exposes his friends, who ought, after his amusement is over, to throw the letters into the fire, and not suffer them to go out into the world, lest they should give a pretence to the wicked and profligate, to quote Tom, as a sanction for their own slander.

In Tom's first letter to you, he seemed to think, that the French would impute the success of their campaign to providence. I own, I was astonished at his calling our attention to the very extraordinary victories they had gained over their numerous and well disciplined enemies; because, it might at least lead some persons to imagine, that the Almighty did not fight against them. Now, though their successes have continued, Tom, being either unwilling, or incapable, through the deranged state of his mind to see, or say any thing concerning them but evil, says, the hand of providence is manifest in their troubles. And, instead of lamenting with christian charity the wicked actions which at various times have unfortunately been committed, he, with a malignancy, which would be diabolical in a sane state of mind, uncharitably imputes to the whole nation the crimes of individuals. He would persuade us that, all his neighbours are of the same opinion with himself: if so, all I can say is, that such ideas must proceed from a disorder peculiar to the present time, which, I trust, will continue but for a short season. Tom and his neighbours seem to receive much satisfaction, in believing the French are now suffering for the support they gave to America, and in thinking their soldiers came back with the itch of rebellion, whilst our honest fellows who took the other side, brought home as much loyalty, or more, than they carried out. Of the loyalty of our soldiers, I will not pretend to doubt; I should rather fear, that after fighting against the liberty of their brethren in America, their loyalty might encrease so much, as to make them forget they are citizens, and that though paid by the king, the money comes from the pockets of the people. Yet I would not willingly tax them
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With being too forward to dragoon their fellow-citizens. The French soldiers had never been suspected of disloyalty, or of patriotism, even after their return from America; yet their social feelings induced them to prefer the happiness of millions, to the preservation of tyranny, and to disobey a beloved king, rather than fire upon the Parisians, whilst they were struggling for their liberties. Whether the French esteem the liberty they have gained a punishment, or a *reward*, for having assisted the oppressed Americans, they are much better able to decide than Tom or his neighbours. That the French queen disliked the English, is allowed to be true; and, also, that she encouraged the war in favour of America, with a view to lower the power of England. And, perhaps, it may be equally true, that the French ministry were such short-sighted politicians, as to come into her scheme, without foreseeing, that men who had fought for the liberty of others, could not long be satisfied with slavery at home. But I am informed their philosophers had a view to the consequences; they loved their cause, and wished them success, not only as friends to the liberty of the Americans, but as a prelude to the downfall of despotism at home. But, though the assisting the Americans might hasten the struggles for liberty in France, it is not quite so clear, as Tom and his friends imagine, that the king's signing the treaty with America, was signing his own death-warrant, even, if unfortunately he should lose his life; which heaven forbid. For it must be remembered, that after he had gone through all the troubles and difficulties of the first revolution, he accepted the new constitution, and was elected king by the free voice of the people, who hailed him with songs of gratulation. And had he been left to act according to his own judgment and feelings, I am inclined to think his happiness might have been unbounded, and their joy lasting and complete. But John, they say, that from the very beginning of the disturbances in France to the present time, the king's *friends* have been working his ruin. Tom's friend Burke, was one of the first of them; but alas! he raised that spirit, and called for that crusade, which, by encouraging false hopes and improper actions on one side, caused those jealousies and discontents on the other, which at

length hurled him from a throne to a prison. Oh! how much blood might have been saved, and how many crimes prevented, had not foreign powers provoked the friends of freedom, and made wicked men believe they should escape in the general confusion, even if they committed that most horrible of all crimes, the crime of assassination! Soon after the king's flight and return to Paris, the marquis De B——e sent a violent letter, addressed I think, to the President of the National Assembly, the language of which was so much more like that of a bully, than of a gentleman, and seemed to shew such want of judgement, that at first I flattered myself it was a forgery. In that letter the marquis asserted he knew that *all* the powers of Europe were arming against France; and very injudiciously, I thought, gave room for suspicion, that himself and the foreign powers acted in concert with the king; however, he told them the king alone could prevent the evil with which they were threatened. That he had agreed as soon as he should be in safety at Montmedi to call "a new assembly *according to the ancient laws*, which would have been the rule of his conduct," and it appeared to me, that if the assembly, overawed by the European powers, had destroyed the new constitution; if they had pusillanimously deserted the great and glorious cause they had sworn to protect; if they had prostrated themselves at the foot of the grand monarch, and sacrificed their title to the Rights of Man, the king would then have graciously condescended to have become the *mediator* between foreign powers and his people. But as their blindness had induced them to reject that protecting hand, which the king had extended towards them, he threatened to lead foreign armies to Paris—told them it was too late to adopt measures of defence; that their armies were without officers and without subordination, and that his letter was but the fore-runner of the manifesto of the sovereigns of Europe!!!

Now, having the spirit of the Bull family, this threatening letter roused my indignation. I was satisfied, that 26,000,000 of people, 300,000 of whom were said to be soldiers and ready to arm in defence of their liberties, would rather be provoked than intimidated by such daring menaces. I was fully persuaded, that if the marquis attempted

tempted to lead an army to Paris, he would not only find officers worthy to command, but soldiers, who would be proud to shew, that obedience to their leaders, was not incompatible with a zeal for freedom; and that he would find an army eager to prove themselves deserving of a constitution, which was favourable to the Rights of Man. I recollected that our ministry had threatened America much in the same way, and that Tom's friends joined them in asserting, that if we did but send a few red coats, we should frighten them into submission. Now, John, knowing the event, and profiting by experience, I was the better able to prove a tolerably true prophet in the case of France.—Had I been a learned politician, I might have soared above common sense, and overlooked that knowledge which comes by observation, and have thought the French would have laid down their arms at the sight of a foreign army, and run home to their families; but if they had, I verily believe their wives would have driven them back with their distaffs. I wrote my thoughts immediately to our friend, the printer, and at the same time cautioned him against inserting any more such libellous letters as the marquis De B——e's. I desired him to recollect the fate of one of his brethren, who was severely punished for inserting a paragraph respecting the destination of our late armament (against Russia) for if that was *justly* deemed a libel of a very dangerous tendency, because it *insinuated* that the minister of this country entertained hostile intentions towards France, it could not be prudent in him, to publish the letter signed by the marquis De B——e, in which the author so strongly asserts, he *knows that all the powers of Europe are arming against France*, and that the princes of Europe consider themselves as threatened by the monster they had cherished. Is not, said I, this alone sufficient to mark the letter as libellous? Are all the Princes of Europe such despots? Have they all so long been used to the low submissive voice of slaves and sycophants, that the distant sound of freedom must rouse them to acts of hostility? You see I was vexed at the letter, as well as alarmed for my friend the printer; for observe, the author says "all the powers of Europe, and the princes," without any exception in favour of our own. However, the printer escaped better

than his brother: and what is more extraordinary, they say, the author of this libel appears at our court; and, I suppose, is labouring to persuade the minister to join the crusade against liberty and his country!

After the king accepted the new constitution, the same foreign friends and the emigrants, and if we may credit the news papers, every court in Europe seemed to think Louis was not sincere: indeed some people went so far as to say, he was *not bound to be faithful*, as he accepted the constitution as an act of necessity:—his brothers went still farther, and said, he could not give away the rights of his family. Had not all this a tendency to make the king suspected? and especially as the writing he left behind him when he fled, shewed he did not always think an oath to be binding. The duke of Brunswick's proclamation, and the approach of the combined armies to Paris, added such weight to the suspicions which some of the king's late actions had occasioned, that the people determined for their own safety to dethrone him, and thus did their ill judged exertions ruin his character, and his fortune, and endanger his life. A friend of ours wrote a letter upon the subject, which I am permitted to transcribe for your perusal.

S I R,

Dec. 20, 1792.

“ The unhappy Louis, has been peculiarly unfortunate with respect to his friends. Mr. Burke was one of the first and loudest of them, and yet, who more than Mr. Burke, has raised that spirit, which has worked his fall from a throne to a prison? and though Mr. Burke still professes himself to be his friend, yet, who has used language so likely to provoke his enemies and impel them to destroy him? The emigrants, and the combined despots are his friends, and yet, but for those very friends, the French people would never have had such flagrant proofs of his duplicity, and might have trusted him, till by degrees he had recovered sufficient power to destroy their liberties. The high-churchmen were his friends, and yet perhaps they more than all the rest, contributed to destroy him. Perhaps, in order to retain their own power and emolument, they united themselves with the king, and whispered in his ear,
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that faith was not to be kept with heretics ; and, that their cause was the cause of God ; and by these means, won upon the good-natured monarch to *forswear himself* for the good of the church, and encourage a war upon his people, for the good of their souls. The duke of Brunswick was his friend, yet his proclamation provoked the Parisians almost to desperation, which the conduct of the king himself, and his friends in the Thuilleries encreased, till the tenth of September ; when the people thinking their own safety depended upon his ruin, brought on the horrors of that day, fatal to royalty in France. I too have been the king's friend, but I trust I have rather endeavoured to mollify than exasperate his enemies. Happy should I have been if Louis had proved to the world, that a people may not only reform, but change their constitution, without destroying their king ! I once flattered myself Louis rejoiced in the freedom of his people, and would have reigned the happiest monarch on the globe. Vain illusion ! transitory hope ! And now what conduct can England and the other powers pursue, to save the life of Louis the unfortunate ? Threats may provoke, but can never intimidate men so brave as the French. To war with them, is only giving them an opportunity to plant the tree of liberty in foreign countries : their enthusiasm rises as the number of their enemies increase ; and the spirit of their troops leads them to victory, as to a banquet ; where, they hope to treat the conquered with the blessings of liberty and peace. Do we really wish to save the life of the unfortunate Louis ? Let us not follow the example of those whose interference has been so unfortunate ; let us at least make one effort to save him : but at the same time let us give the French an unequivocal proof of our friendship for the republic. We cannot be bound for Louis, as if he were a common man, for his keeping the peace ; but let us make a treaty immediately, and engage to support the republic against her enemies, if they do not accept of very reasonable terms. The King's death will then appear so unnecessary, that even the most cautious republican could have no plea to destroy him ; and the most violent, who cry out for what they call rigid justice, might be induced to listen to the more amiable pleadings of those, who preferring acts of mercy to acts of retaliation, are anxious to save the

man, who was once esteemed the father of his people, and then might the National Convention rejoice in being able to say, to their late king, Live and be free. Yours, &c."

Tom would make us believe, that *revolution soup* is dished up with human flesh, and french pot-herbs; and that french liberty is a liberty, which makes men eat one another. But, as the French are not cannibals, I will venture to assert, they dislike that kind of soup, and that kind of liberty, as much as Tom himself does. His story of the gentleman, who was so well skilled in human blood, that he could venture to take "his bible-oath, he saw the blood of people they had killed, run out of the mouths of their murderers."—The story of the English gentleman who had his head cut off, and thrown among the mob, for only desiring them to bury a corpse they were dragging about through the streets; and some others of the same sort, are much more easily told by the malignant inventors, than believed by any one in his sober senses. Did Tom never hear the story of the man (in what country I cannot tell,) who was going along a place, where, it seems they had been cutting off heads, and presently off went his own; so down he stooped, picked up an head, placed it upon his shoulders, and ran home as fast as his legs could carry him? but when he arrived at his own house, to his great surprise, no one knew him; for lo and behold, he had in his *fright*, taken up another man's head, instead of his own. Now whether this story be not as good, and as true as some of Tom's are, I leave you to determine: however, it is a certain fact, that many persons are now living, of whom it has been asserted, they had lost their lives by the hands of assassins. If the violence of some persons here is encouraged by a domineering party, instead of being checked, all the friends of liberty, of every description, will soon think themselves more unsafe in England, than the Aristocrats are now in France; and will be obliged to emigrate by thousands into that country, well assured, they shall there find that justice, that liberty, and peaceful asylum, which their native, and once much loved country will no longer afford them.

The London rider, who Tom says, asked whether we were such fools as to believe that kings were sent down
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booted and *spurred* from the clouds to ride mankind? was a comical wag, but he stopped too short: he should have asked, whether men were born ready saddled and bridled? For if that were the case, the saddle would have implied, that we must all be ridden by somebody, which for want of such proof is not quite so clear, although, as Tom says, "We cannot ride upon ourselves." Tom did not consider, that for the same reason, he might have said, we must be eaten by somebody, because we cannot eat ourselves. But is this reasoning like a man in his senses? The beasts of the field were given by the Almighty for the service of man, and an horse, well broken in, will tamely submit to carry his master; but the pleasure he takes in it, has not yet been revealed to me. However we will suppose, that when a *good horse* carries a *gentleman*, he is as well pleased as his master; that is no reason why one man should be well pleased to carry another man, and Tom may depend upon it, the horse will not throw his rider, with a view of being ridden by his equals, for he is too democratic an animal for that. A cart-horse may suffer a coach-horse to trot haughtily by him, but, should he be insolent, he would soon prove to him, that though in more humble gear, he was at least his equal in strength; and though the coach-horse might permit the neatly-limbed, swift-footed racer to toss his head with disdain as he passed, yet, if presuming too much upon his long line of princely ancestors, he should dare to exert any act of dominion, he would spurn at him for his insolence, and soon lay him, and his honour, in the dust. Though Tom, therefore, seems to suppose the people are all brutes, and that only kings are men, yet it does not necessarily follow, that because the people of France will not carry a king, they must have the beast of the people upon their backs. I trust we shall soon see that a nation may be *governed* without being *ridden* by any one. Good laws will command respect, and being made for the benefit of the governed, it is as much their interest, as their duty, to obey them, whatever the chief magistrate may be called, or under whatever authority the people may ordain to see them duly executed: and there is reason to believe, that the laws in France will be so plain, that every one may understand them; so mild, that men of humanity,

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will not rather suffer an injury than appeal to them; and, that justice will be rendered so easy of access, and so little expensive, that the poor may afford to claim it. For, John, though the laws may be equal, yet if they be out of the reach of our purses, you know we may not always be the better for their equality.

Tom need not have thought it necessary to account for his being a little better taught than you expected; for in my opinion, what he has gained in grammar and spelling, he has lost in honesty of expression, and in common sense. If he had told such stories, and talked so much of hell and the devil to our good old master, instead of commending him for his language, he would have said, "Take care, young lad, you do not imitate the devil in his worst quality, that of lying, and so make an hell of your own conscience:" and, I think Tom's friend the clergyman cannot give him better advice.

If you would wish to improve yourself, John, take a few hints from me—Read, when you are at leisure, and think when you are at work: listen to the wise, and turn a deaf ear to the voice of folly: believe me, wisdom never came by whistling for, nor knowledge by drinking and idleness: but, as the labour of the hand increaseth its strength, so the labour of the head, increaseth and giveth vigour to the understanding; and never be too proud, nor think yourself too old to learn.

'Tis pleasant to hear the various conjectures concerning our brother Tom. Some say, he is a lord! some an esquire! others say, he is a Dr. G. but a friend of mine has always insisted upon it, he must be a parson, (that was his expression.) Why a parson? "because he misrepresents the scriptures;" a terrible satire upon the clergy! thought I; and having been brought up in the church of England, and always taught to reverence the clergy, I was rather shocked at his reason; but on considering the matter, I saw it was not entirely without foundation. For, John, it seems the clergy are obliged to subscribe to certain articles and homilies, and if they cannot make these articles and homilies agree with the scripture, they are obliged to make the scripture agree with them, or else they can have no fat living—no stall in a cathedral—no lawn sleeves—and it is well if they be permitted to starve on a curacy in quiet. In
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short, it is, conform, for the loaves and fishes—reform and starve. I have known some very hard cases in my time, but honesty will prove the best policy in the end, notwithstanding that, John.

Tom seems proud of introducing his friend the clergyman, “yet much he talks, and all awry.” for as to his long story about the sheep, the shepherd, the dogs and the wolves, it reminds me of the painter, who painted a picture so very unlike the person for whom it was intended, that in order to make it known, he was obliged to write the name underneath. Now it appears to me, that Tom’s friend understood the subject upon which he spoke no better than the painter understood the features he attempted to draw; and therefore was obliged to apply it to the French, for fear of a mistake. He ought to have considered, that the people of France felt real and great grievances, and wanted no *private messenger to raise their spirit*. They found themselves in danger from their shepherd, from aristocrates, and bigoted clergy, and not from democrates, whom he unjustly calls wolves; and, as for the French army, they are more faithful than ever, and more courageous: neither cold nor nakedness can deter them from guarding their brethren, nor can even their domestic enemies prevent them from driving the despotic invaders from their country, or from pursuing them, ’till they gain an honourable peace. I cannot help thinking, it would have been much more to the credit of a clergyman, if, instead of labouring to persuade his flock, that reformers were *wolves*, and that “*the shepherd, the sheep, and the faithful dog* (meaning the “army), *should hold together against them*, he had preached humility, charity, and brotherly love: If instead, “of teaching them to call their brethren knaves, and fools, and wolves, because their sentiments differed from their own, he had advised them to examine their own consciences to see whether private interest did not blind their understandings. For then they might have seen that in opposing a reasonable, but substantial, and necessary reform, they were acting as the greatest enemies to the constitution, and happiness of their country.

On the 17th of last February, 1792. John, Mr. Pitt gave in a speech in the House of Commons, what was called an
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animated account of the state of our affairs; talked much of the flourishing situation of our manufactures, our commerce and finances; of his own great savings, and of the still greater, which might be made in the next fifteen years. Indeed he said, that we must not count with certainty on a continuance of our present prosperity, during so long an interval: but that, unquestionably, there never was a time in the history of this country, when, from the situation of Europe, we might more reasonably have expected fifteen years of peace, than at that moment. Now with respect to the state of the finances, the sentiments of each party differed widely; but most people agreed, there could be no necessity for war, if we did not discourage the very friendly disposition which France manifestly shewed towards this country. Stocks immediately rose, and so great was the confidence which Tom's friends placed in the minister, that they totally neglected their duty as watchmen for the people. But, alas! the pleasing picture drawn by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Pitt may by one word destroy; that word is *War*. Just recovered from the war with America, let us at least pause; and before we enter into another, as unnecessary, unjust and imprudent, let us reflect that as a relapse is generally more dangerous than the first fever, so a return of war, may, in the event, bring on the destruction, which the last had so nearly effected. But they say, John; we are engaged by a treaty with the Dutch to prevent the free navigation of the Scheldt, and France has determined, that the city of Antwerp shall no longer be deprived of it.

It seems, about an hundred years ago, vessels used to sail through the very town of Antwerp: but, when the Dutch gained their own freedom, they shut up the Scheldt, by sinking vessels loaded with stones at the mouth of it, which prevented any ships of burden from entering. This was thought to be the more cruel, because the people of Antwerp had been their friends and fellow sufferers in the cause of liberty. Since that time, Antwerp has been reduced, and Amsterdam has risen upon its ruins. The opening of the Scheldt will, in some degree, restore the commerce to Antwerp, and will of course lower, but they say, not destroy that of Amsterdam. It is pretty generally believed that the Dutch think, that of the two evils, that of going to war with

with France, is greater than that of permitting the Scheldt to be opened; and therefore wisely prefer peace. But our ministry say, we have engaged our word, and our honour is concerned. Now what does common sense say to all this? Why, observing that the promise was made for the benefit of Holland, she asserts, we cannot be under any obligation to perform it, at a time when Holland has reason to suppose; she may be materially injured by such performance, for that would be the same thing as promising a benefit, and committing an injury. As if a person were to promise to visit his neighbour on a certain day; the day arrives, and unexpectedly he is ill of the small-pox, or of a putrid fever: Is he to visit his neighbour, give him and his family the disorder, and so endanger their lives, and his own, merely to perform a promise which he made with a good intent? His persuading him there is no danger, would only be deceiving his neighbour to his own ruin. Now in the present situation of affairs, our performing our treaty with Holland common sense thinks might prove to be a similar case, to that I have described, and she, likewise, declares, that if we do go to war, there must be some secret reason, some unavowed purpose, to which she is an utter stranger, and which perhaps our foreign connections may in part explain. There has been much talk here of a plot, John: but the only plot, which has been discovered, was, the plot against the liberty of the press, and against the good sense of the people—the plot to frighten them into associations, which might strengthen the hand of the minister for a war against France, and encrease his majority in the house of commons against the reform, which I believe I hinted in my last. They understand things better in Ireland. There is no withstanding the general voice of the people. There has also been much talk about 19 dagger-men, but the only one visible was in the house of commons, where Mr. Burke so truly represented them as to cause an alarm without any reason, which ended in mirth instead of assassination. Indeed some people think, that the members were, for the moment at least, more afraid of Mr. Burke's single dagger, of which they had ocular demonstration, than of the nineteen, of which no shadow of a proof was attempted to be given; and which will perhaps turn out to be like Falstaff's men
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in Buckram, a witty invention to cover their own cowardice. And to say the truth, John, though I would not boast of my courage, I am pretty much of the same opinion. The daggers most to be feared are the daggers of the emigrants, who, it is said, return to France in disguise, for the purpose of revenge: but for the honour of human nature I hope there are no such persons; however, *they* are not the men *our government* need be afraid of.

The associations I mentioned in my last, you see, became almost universal: yet threatening, persecuting and compelling men to sign their names, as, in many instances, they did, was not the way to find out the real sentiments of the people.

I am just informed of the fate of the unfortunate Louis. In the beginning of his reign I was partial to him as a king, and from the beginning of the revolution I have been ever anxious for his safety, his happiness and his honour. I have rejoiced when I thought he had reason to rejoice, and grieved, whenever I thought his actions were such, as might lead to his ruin. I have shed, Oh! how often, both tears of joy, and tears of sorrow: And I verily believe, that no one in this country will lament his death more sincerely, or longer than myself. Yet, let me not be one of those who cry out with vehemence against that majority which pronounced his sentence; let me not endeavour to raise that savage spirit of revenge, which may encourage the hand of villains to assassinate men who seem in general, not only to have acted from a conviction of the guilt of Louis, upon which subject the convention were all united, but also from a principle of justice, from a love of their country, and with the hope, that other — might learn wisdom from so awful a catastrophe. Had I had a vote, I should undoubtedly have given it on the side of the minority; but I should have done it with fear and trembling; lest, in endeavouring by an act of humanity, to save the life of one offender, I should be the cause of innumerable evils, and endanger the life of the republic. I am thankful I have never been in a situation, which made it necessary for me to pronounce any one to be guilty of death; 'tis a punishment so contrary to the principles and the feelings of many, in this age, that I trust the time will soon arrive, when it will

will be totally abolished from our courts of justice. But in the meantime, we may have to lament, that whilst the petty thief suffers on the gallows, some of those persons who distress the poor, and plunder the country, may be rewarded with places of trust and titles of honour.

Our House of Commons are to meet on Monday: when we may expect much violent declamation respecting the fate of Louis. But I will venture to assert, that those who exclaim with the greatest vehemence, against the majority of the national convention, and are for letting loose the dogs of war, will not be those, who feel the most sensibly for that unfortunate man. The tender feelings of humanity cannot long inhabit the breast of the violent. The tear of pity is soon dried by the fire of passion, and the spirit of revenge. In former times it has been thought that in some cases it might be expedient, and therefore *excusable* that *one man* should die for the safety of the *state*. I will not say justly: but surely with much less appearance of *injustice* and *inhumanity*, than that of sacrificing the lives of thousands and the happiness of millions, merely to revenge the death of one individual, who had before ceased to be a king. There may be some, who think, those who tried and condemned Louis, might be prejudiced. But as the offence was committed against the nation, how was it possible to have men more impartially chosen, than by the people in every district? Was not every method taken *here* to prejudice the nation against Tom Paine, before he was tried for a libel? How then could his jury be more impartial than that of Louis? Yet the death of Louis undoubtedly will be urged to us as a reason for our approving of the intended war; and in order to raise in us a spirit of revenge, it will be represented in the strongest colours as cruel and unjust. But surely, brother, the shedding of *rivers of blood* in revenge for the blood of *one man*, will be no proof of our *superior justice*; nor will the making of *thousands of weeping widows and helpless orphans*, give us any reason to boast of our *superior humanity*. When a neighbour has been ill used, or under severe affliction, we find it more easy to *advise patience* than to practise it in a similar situation. Let us be thankful we have not the same trial, and whilst we lament the dead, let us not forget that the living are our neighbours, and that

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it is our *own fault* if we are not friends. If therefore we go to war, we must still, as common sense observed, look for some *unavowed reason*, which our foreign connexions may in part explain; but let us still hope, that all our associations for the *preservation of liberty and property*, will not end in the *total ruin of our finances*, and in a war against the *liberty and property of France*.

I am in every situation,

Affectionately your's,

Jan. 26, 1793.

— BULL.

N. B. I said in my last, that a new court of Starchamber had been erected by some self-elected dictators, at the C—— and A——: I have now the pleasure to inform you that it has received some wounds, which are likely to prove mortal. Mr. Law, one of its first members, has written a sensible letter, and published it in the public papers, in which, much to his honour, he exposes and highly condemns them, for receiving and encouraging accusations in anonymous letters. Such conduct indeed can be viewed in no other light, than as an *encouragement* to the malicious and revengeful, to assassinate the reputation of their innocent neighbours, by advertising a place where they may do it without fear of detection; a conduct which required only to be known, to be universally detested. The declaration of the friends of the liberty of the press, drawn up by its able advocate, is a second blow, which must determine the fate of that association agreeably to the wish of Mr. Erskine himself, "that the great engine of the press might recoil on their own guilty heads."

FINIS.

